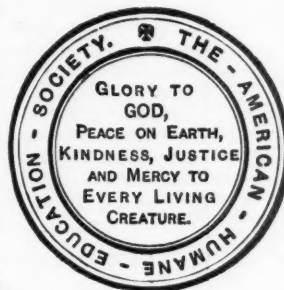


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 35.

Boston, February, 1903.

No. 9.



THE PASSION PLAY BY THE CATHOLIC INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Thousands of people have travelled thousands of miles to see the Passion Play of Oberammergau in Europe, but few know that the same play has been given, and is to be

given the coming summer on a vastly improved scale, by the Catholic Indians of British Columbia, at Vancouver city. By kind permission of *The Pacific Monthly*, Port-

land, Oregon, we are permitted to give our readers one of the eight beautiful pictorial representations of scenes in this wonderful representation of the crucifixion.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

The Living Church, leading organ of the "high" or "ritualistic" wing of the Protestant Episcopal body, publishes the following:—

You are shocked at my strange confession
Of an error, you say, that you dread,
That I for my boy should be praying,
Even now, when I know he is dead?

I confess I'm not skilful to answer
In the old controversial art,
The only defence I can offer
Is the logic that springs from my heart.

Suppose you had loved with a passion
That absorbed all your thought and your cares,
A boy that God placed in your keeping,
To be blessed by your love and your prayers.

And then, when he grew into manhood,
Felt the touch of a sordid world's life,
And you knew the perils before him,
That threatened his soul in the strife.

You prayed all the more in his danger
That his heart might be kept pure and fair,
Till it seemed that each waking moment
In its love was the breathing of prayer.

Suppose that the shadow of suffering
Deepened suddenly over the day,
And your heart stood still in its anguish,
And you could do nothing but pray.

As you watched and felt all too surely,
As the darkness grew deep in the night,
That everything dearest and truest
Was departing far out of your sight.

And after it all was quite over,
And they'd taken his body away,
Then what would you do in your anguish
That first night when you kneeled down to pray?

When you came to the place in your asking,
Where for years you had spoken his name,
Would you choke down the words in your sobbing,
As if for the thought there was blame?

Is the God that you love so cruel
To forbid you this comfort so dear?
If you yield to your heart's deepest prompting
Must you do it with doubting and fear?

Has his soul ceased to need God's protection—
Gone quite out of reach of God's care,
That there's nothing that God now can give him
In response to your heart-broken prayer?

He still waits with you his Lord's coming,
Not yet is he perfectly blessed;
His soul must grow purer and stronger—
God can give him refreshment and rest.

Surely, then, you would pray for these blessings—
Your heart could not help it I'm sure;
And in sight of the God that made you,
All your prayers would be blameless and pure.

And each earnest prayer that you uttered
Would bring you more peace, if not joy,
And keep you in closer communion
With your sweet-hearted, angel-faced boy.

And so had you loved him and lost him,
You never could question your right;
You would kneel and ask God to bless him,
As of old when you kissed him good-night.

FRANK N. WESTCOTT, in *Boston Pilot*.

"BANDS OF MERCY" FORMED DURING THE MONTH.

Our Western agent, Mr. Hubbard, has formed during the month seventy-four Bands in the parochial schools, and ninety-eight in the public schools of Indianapolis.

Our Massachusetts agent, Mr. Leach, has formed ninety-seven during the month in Massachusetts schools.

Our Dumb Animals is doing a noble work, and should receive the support of every humane person. Mr. Angell made a reputation in his crusade of 1880-81 against the adulterations of foods. He is a man who goes into a thing heart and soul.

Lakeport (Cal.) Avalanche.

A KIND HEART.

"The *Times* witnessed an incident yesterday so human in its character as to deserve its hearty commendation. A well-known Winneconne farmer, rugged and cheerful, drove up in front of a store nearly opposite the *Times* office. He had on a huge fur overcoat. After tying his horse he began to search for a blanket, but had evidently left it behind. He looked at his horse a moment as if in pity that it must stand uncovered in the cold, when a humane inspiration seized him. He pulled off his big fur overcoat, strapped it over his faithful animal, and went into the store to do his trading. That man has a kind heart in him, and the horse whinnied his appreciation thereof."—*From Neenah (Wis.) Times*.

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

Probably most persons who have traveled at night by rail have had their thoughts turned to him who, standing with hand upon the throttle-lever of the engine, watches between them and death. Often, when the night has been black and boisterous with angry storms, or cold and desolate in mid-winter, we have lain down in our snug berth listening to the clatter of the swiftly-moving train with a sense of security, because we knew there was one standing in the cab watching with vigilant eye against danger. There he is gazing out along the track, conscious that hundreds of lives are entrusted to his care; that these hundreds of sleeping passengers are resting calmly in the conviction that he will not fail in duty.

They are all strangers to him. At the stations while the train waits for passengers to take their meals, none of them think it worth their while to speak to him. They are going—somewhere. They are—who knows even their names? The conductor, the brakemen, and the porters are brought more or less in contact with them, and they learn something of each other; there is a little mutual fellowship, at least. But the engine-driver stands apart. His face is begrimed with soot, his clothes soiled with grease, and his hands hard and unseemly. On the road, after a long night of travel, he is not an object of prepossessing appearance. And yet this man, through all that night, has had the guardianship of hundreds of lives and faithfully performed his work. Sober, cool, and vigilant, he has brought his charge to the end of the journey in safety. The travelers scatter to their homes or pass on to other scenes, praising the railroad company for the admirable system of their road and the comfortable accommodations afforded, while perhaps none give a thought to the engineer, whose faithfulness guarded them from accident and death.

There are obligations between man and man which cannot be compensated by dollars and cents. Let the pay be just and liberal; but let there be likewise a remembrance that he has risked his life for us, and a prayer for the benediction of God upon him.

Occident.

THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

[Two long and two short whistles are the signal for a crossing, and are most familiar sounds to travelers and all within hearing of railroad trains.]

I. I hear a faint sound far away—
Two long, and two short notes at play,
As soft and sweet as silver flute,
The locomotive's first salute:
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

II. I hear again the tuneful sound,
Now waking woodland echoes round,
The locomotive seems to say
"We are coming—coming, clear the way;
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

III. And now a rumbling noise I hear,
And clouds of smoke and steam appear,
The locomotive seems to shout:
"We are coming fast. Look out! Look out!"
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

IV.

And now I hear a brazen bell
That lifts aloud a warning knell,
The engine now begins to yell
Like frantic fiend escaped from hell:
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

V.

'Mid hissing steam and deafening roar
I hear that awful sound once more:
"Keep back, keep back! Don't cross the track!
For love of life, stand back, stand back!"
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

VI.

With clanging bell and clattering steel
And flaming breath and flashing wheel,
The lightning train goes crashing by,
Like fiery bolt from stormy sky,
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

VII.

A whirlwind follows on behind,
With clouds of dust our eyes are blind;
Yet from the curve around the hill
Is heard that engine whistle shrill,
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

VIII.

Again, a faint sound far away—
Two long, and two short notes at play—
The locomotive's farewell call:
"We are chasing time. God speed us all!"
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot-toot!"

HENRY CROCKER, in *Beacon*.

HONESTY PAYS.

We have just read in one of our exchanges an account of a young lady who, by the death of relatives, was placed in very reduced circumstances, and compelled to enter a dry goods store as saleswoman at the glove counter.

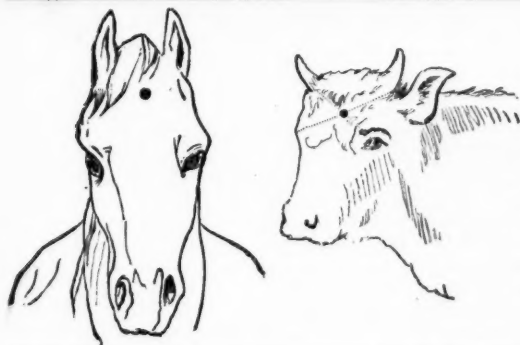
Some very defective gloves were given her to sell. She called the attention of the floor manager. He told her it was her business to obey orders and sell whatever she was told to.

She could not do it conscientiously, and though very much in need of her wages, told him she could not. He discharged her and she was almost heart-broken. But the merchant who owned the store noticed her absence, heard the floor manager's explanation, sent for the young lady, examined the gloves, sent them back to the manufacturer, thanked her in behalf of his firm, raised her wages, and assured her that she should never again be interfered with in the conscientious discharge of her duty.

We like to read such accounts, and wish American newspapers would publish more of them.—EDITOR.

EVICTION OF LARGE FAMILY.

An eviction of a large family was an interesting incident on Walnut street, in Brookline, a few days ago. A large oak tree had become rotten with age and was cut down with considerable labor. In one of the hollow branches a squirrel family had established comfortable winter quarters and their consternation when the blows began to fall upon the base of the trunk was pathetic. They raced back and forth in wild procession, jumping from tree to tree along the row and back again, as though fully conscious of what was going to happen. After the tree was felled an investigation of the hollow revealed a prodigious and snugly constructed accumulation of cotton string, sawdust, leaves, bits of wool, wisps of hay, probably taken from a nearby barn, and a quantity of nuts and acorns. Later in the day, after workmen had gone and all was quiet, these stores were diligently removed to another tree hollow, all the members of the family assisting in the removal, a curious and interesting sight which was witnessed from several houses near.—LISTENER, in *Boston Evening Transcript*.



OUR SICK CATTLE.

The two above cuts, showing how and where cattle and horses can be instantly and mercifully killed by a single bullet from a rifle or a large revolver, are taken from "How to Kill Animals Humanely," prepared for our Massachusetts Society more than twenty years ago by Dr. D. D. Slade, Professor of Zoology of Harvard University, and of which we have gratuitously distributed tens of thousands of copies to humane societies, police officers, and our agents. In every city and town in our state they have been distributed. It is a terrible pity that the thousands of sick and well cattle which have been recently killed under the direction of United States officers could not have been killed in this merciful manner, rather than be pounded to death. In Dr. Slade's paper it is also stated that animals should be blindfolded before an attempt is made to kill them, to which we would add that no animal should be killed in sight of other animals waiting their turn to be slaughtered and thrown into the ditches prepared to receive them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR SICK CATTLE.

We find in our various Boston dailies of January 16th, and other dates, that because our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prosecuted and convicted one of Secretary Wilson's employees for killing in a cruel manner cattle belonging to a herd, some of which had the foot and mouth disease, the Secretary now threatens to leave us to fight our own battles with the disease, and to quarantine the whole State of Massachusetts so long as he shall please.

We don't quite comprehend how he proposes to maintain such a quarantine, unless he intends to call back our troops from the Philippines and keep them posted night and day on the thousands of roads leading out of our State. But in regard to his other proposition to leave us to fight the disease without his help, we are inclined to think that if he had done that in the first place, probably nine-tenths of the cattle he has caused to be destroyed would have passed the disease safely under a merciful quarantine and be now well and happy in their owners' barns and stables. We have had some experience with Washington government medical officials.

Some twenty years ago we went to Washington with a vast amount of evidence which

As Our Dumb Animals was first of its kind in the world, and our "American Humane Education Society" first of its kind in the world, so, perhaps, our "Temple of Humanity" may be the first of its kind in the world.

FOR HUMANE EDUCATION.

We are glad to receive on this Jan. 22d a liberal check from a Philadelphia lady "for humane education — the best work in the world for time and eternity."

we had gathered [at a personal expense to ourself of hundreds of dollars in money, and thousands of dollars in time] in regard to the sale of poisonous and dangerously adulterated foods and other articles, and for which we had received an unanimous vote of thanks from our Boston Board of Trade, and wanted to put before Congress. To our surprise we found we had not only to fight the lobbyists of the New York adulterators, but also the medical officers of our National Board of Health, who assured us that we would never get a bill before Congress. They were mistaken, for in spite of all their efforts we did get a bill, of which Congress printed a thousand copies, and we, at our personal expense, printed and sent out five thousand more, and caused about a hundred thousand copies to be sent out widely over our country.

Again, when President Garfield was shot, and in the extreme hot weather lay at the White House surrounded by these Washington medical functionaries, suffering, as all the papers said, terribly with the heat, not one of them seemed to have had the slightest idea of what ought to be done, until we telegraphed the President's private secretary that the President's room could be cooled [as it was after the receipt of our telegram] by long strips of cloth hung across it and kept constantly soaked with ice water.

If, relying on the representation of his medical employees on account of a single prosecution of one of them and a fine of fifteen dollars, the Secretary of Agriculture proposes to quarantine the whole State of Massachusetts, we think he is making a grave mistake. Our impression is that he ought instead to have thanked our Society for stopping the cruel manner in which our sick cattle were killed before this prosecution.



OUR SICK CATTLE, No. 2.

At the hearing before our State Committee on Agriculture at our State House, on Jan. 20th, Mr. Harvey Wheeler, representing the Massachusetts Farmers' and Cattle Owners' Association, said:

"We come for simple and only partial justice to those who have been the especial sufferers, not by the disease itself, but by reason of the drastic methods resorted to for its extermination. We are sure that the farmers universally approve of a strict quarantine in such diseases. It is admitted by all authorities that we have consulted that the animals as well as premises can be disinfected after the disease has had its usual short run of about two weeks. Had the authorities treated the disease in this way, we would not be here. But, having decided that infected herds should be killed entire, it seems to us that the obligation is incurred to compensate the farmers for the resulting loss. In the natural treatment of the disease the fatality is about two per cent. This unnatural and unscientific treatment results in loss of one hundred per cent. In other words, when the official germ of the disease appears the subject is sure to die. The natural treatment would save the herds to eat the fodder in the barns. The unnatural treatment has opened up in the farmers' minds very conflicting and troublesome questions and doubts about installing new sets of cattle in their barns, and not only have they lost their cattle (and perhaps the food for them), but also they are losing all profit on their business until other cattle are installed, whereas the old herd would have soon got into good condition and be making profit again.

"We are aware that the argument is used that wholesale killing was considered the quickest way to eradicate the disease. Facts and practice don't bear this out, but just the contrary. There have been exceptional cases where herds were allowed to live (why, under the general plan, we do not know), and these have been disinfected and have long since resumed their natural functions; and in no case, as far as we know, where killing was resorted to, have new herds yet been installed. In many cases even the disinfecting has not been done weeks after the killing, and the authorities are advising slow and gradual acquiring of new herds. All of this is resulting in continued great loss over and above the loss of the herds themselves, and many of the farmers who had not become well-to-do are finding bankruptcy staring them in the face. This, gentlemen, is a serious matter.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We suspect that had the State of Massachusetts alone dealt with the disease, it would have adopted more scientific and humane methods."

From Report in Boston Evening Transcript, Jan. 20.

OUR SICK CATTLE, No. 3.

[From editorial in Boston Evening Traveler of January 20th.]

"Dr. H. Q. Thompson has been convicted in a Massachusetts court for cruelty in slaughtering cattle supposed to be diseased. Either he was unnecessarily cruel, or he was not. The court, after hearing the evidence, decided that he was, and imposed a fine. We alluded to this case very briefly yesterday, but later developments in the case warrant a more extended comment.

It seems now that Secretary Wilson, or some one on his behalf, is resorting to very questionable legal quibbles in order to justify the acts of Thompson which our court has pronounced cruel.

The legal disputes we care nothing about, but the question of cruelty to animals is one that the people of Massachusetts are very much interested in. If there is any society that has the moral support of our citizens, it is the society with the long name. Why is Secretary Wilson so anxious to justify acts of cruelty on the part of his employees? It would seem to be brutal enough at best to dig a trench long enough to receive the carcasses of 20 or 30 cattle and to bring them out and slaughter them in full view of those that have just been killed and thrown into the common grave. It is well known that dumb animals have an instinctive dread of death in presence of other animals that have just been led to slaughter. Why, then, should any one wish to justify needless cruelty in the destruction of the innocent creatures whose only fault is that they have been exposed to or are suffering from an infectious or contagious disease?

The question suggests itself to the ordinary person: Why is this killing done at all? The foot and mouth disease is a distemper which, if allowed to run its course, seldom proves fatal, and completes its run in about twelve days. The animal then soon recovers, and is as healthy as ever. Why should the finest herds of cattle be ruthlessly slaughtered and wasted and our farmers put to great annoyance even though they are partially remunerated for the money loss later on?

Why should not some system be devised of excluding the cattle affected, or that have been exposed to the disease, from all possible contact with other cattle, until the distemper has had its run? It seems certain that they could be effectively quarantined, and the disease thus prevented from spreading, and as surely stamped out as by this system of wholesale slaughtering. It is offensive to the last degree to everyone who gives it thought. It is a relic of barbarism to proceed to ruthlessly slaughter inoffensive animals that have simply been exposed to a distemper that will in most cases run itself out in twelve days, and the animal be as good as ever in a few weeks. We hope the farmers of Massachusetts will rise up in rebellion against this brutal and needless policy, and secure such legislation as shall deal with the whole question humanely, and with proper regard to the public safety."

REPORTS OF THE AGENTS OF OUR MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., INCLUDING PROSECUTION OF INSPECTOR THOMPSON FOR CRUELTY TO COWS AT CONCORD.

Our friends will frequently see in the papers reports of the convictions of persons for cruelty to animals, without any report of our agents' services in procuring them. Few outside our ranks know how much labor and investigation these cases require. But we are glad to notice in this morning's "Journal" (Tuesday, January 18th) that Agent Burrill has just returned from Milford, where, with our local agent, he has attended successfully to four cases—also, in this same morning's "Boston Herald," that Agent Clark procured in a Lynn court yesterday a fine of fifty dollars for cruelly beating and cutting a horse with a knife; Judge Berry stating that he was disposed to send the party to the House of Correction, but [in consideration that Agent Clark, on account of the large family of the guilty person, recommended clemency], he would only impose a fine of fifty dollars;—also, that in our

city courts yesterday two cases were attended to by Agents Langlan and Hathaway, in one of which the defendant was convicted, and the other continued for sentence;—also, last in to-day's reports, the success of Agent Burrill at Concord in securing the conviction of Inspector Thompson, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, for cruelty in killing cows sick with foot and mouth disease. About this case Judge Prescott Keyes, of the Central Middlesex District Court, in deciding the case, said:—

"With the United States government and an appropriation of \$500,000 behind him, this man makes no attempt to get competent assistants; he depends upon a common contractor, a gang of ledge and stable men to do the work. He makes no adequate preparation, and as a result brings to the animals cruelty and suffering."

(Boston Journal Report, Jan. 14th.)

By decision of United States Judge Brown, this case was finally taken from the state court to the United States Court, where the decision of the state court was over-ruled, and the party complained of set free.

KISSED BY A COW IN COURT.

OMAHA, NEB.—Probably the most unique testimony ever offered in a court room was that by Mrs. Emma Houghman, of South Omaha, last night.

Charles Epatin claimed ownership of a Jersey cow. Mrs. Houghman had him arrested and brought replevin proceedings simultaneously. When the case was called for trial, Mrs. Houghman asked that the cow be brought into court. Judge King permitted it, and Mrs. Houghman called the cow by a pet name. Immediately the Jersey walked over to her and kissed her by rubbing her muzzle against Mrs. Houghman's face.

Three times this act was repeated, and Mrs. Houghman was declared the owner.—Boston Record.

BOSTON'S ICY STREETS.

During several days of last month our Boston streets were so covered with ice that hundreds of horses have fallen, and been more or less injured. On one day a fire occurred near our residence, and the horses of the fire department found great difficulty in getting to it; many of them falling, some of them several times. The horses drawing the water tower, when they reached the fire, were almost exhausted. Aside from the suffering of the horses, it seemed to us a great danger that there should be this difficulty in getting promptly to burning buildings. A single block of engines, water tower, or hook and ladder carriage, might involve not only a large amount of property, but also the loss of more or less lives. We applied to the Superintendent of Streets, and found him ready to do everything in his power. We then wrote every Boston daily paper to use their influence by requesting citizens to endeavor to see that the streets in front of their dwellings and stores were protected, so far as possible, by the proper distribution of sand or ashes, and suggested that, in connection with our fire department, it would be well in icy weather to have wagons ready to start at a moment's notice to make it safe for the fire horses to pass dangerously icy places.

The Boston press has most kindly aided us, and, so far as we are aware, all is being done that can be to avoid this great danger.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion."—JOHN RUSKIN.

HUMANE LITERATURE.

NOT A GOLDEN DREAM BUT A GOLDEN PROSPECT.

When on August 12th, 1864, two years before the founding, by Henry Bergh, of New York, of the first society in America for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals, and when I was not aware that there was such a society in the world, I executed my then last will and testament. It was with a deep sense of the infinite importance of the wide circulation of humane literature that I wrote in it this:—

"It has long been my opinion that there is much wrong in the treatment of domestic animals; that they are too often overworked, overpunished, and particularly in winter and in times of scarcity, underfed. All these I think great wrongs, particularly the last; and it is my earnest wish to do something towards awakening public sentiment on this subject; the more so, because these animals have no power of complaint, or adequate human protection, against those who are disposed to do them injury. I do therefore direct that all the remainder of my property not hereinbefore disposed of shall, within two years after the decease of my mother and myself, or the survivor, be expended by my trustees in circulating in common schools, Sunday schools, or other schools, or otherwise, in such manner as my trustees shall deem best, such books, tracts, or pamphlets as in their judgment will tend most to impress upon the minds of youth their duty towards those domestic animals which God may make dependent upon them."

When four years later I entered upon what I determined should be my life work, and issued in June, 1868, two hundred thousand copies of the first number of "Our Dumb Animals," the first paper of its kind in the world, it was with the same thought.

When in July, 1882, with the aid of Rev. Mr. Timmins, I started the first "Band of Mercy" in America, whose branches now number over fifty thousand in every state and territory, it was with the same thought.

When in 1889 I obtained from our Massachusetts legislature an act incorporating our "American Humane Education Society," with power to hold a million of dollars free from taxation, and gave it as my contribution towards the million, property valued at over three thousand dollars, it was with the same thought and the earnest hope that it might become a mighty instrumentality for promoting kindness to God's lower creatures, as well as higher.

Providentially, I think I may truly say providentially, through its first publication, "Black Beauty," it has sent out and caused to be sent out, over not only this whole country but to some extent in foreign lands, probably not less than three millions missionaries to preach the gospel of kindness.

In pursuance of my original design, I have since offered through it prizes for humane stories and publications, of which we have sent out hundreds of thousands of copies. And if the kind Providence, which has so many times helped, continues to help, I believe that sooner or later a harvest is to be reaped which will make this world a happier dwelling place for all, both human and dumb.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

How much better to substitute in our high and other schools for the professor who cuts up cats the professor who will take his classes into the woods and fields, to study with kodaks and opera glasses the habits of our so-called poor relations.

**"BRUSHING OFF THE FLIES."**

The above picture is a true representation of how an ex-Mayor of Lowell and good friend of ours found his little daughter Annie in his stable one hot day, brushing off with a wisp of hay the flies from his horse.

Many years ago we were accustomed to ride daily a very spirited horse belonging to the hotel keeper where we were stopping, a horse so spirited that some people were afraid to ride him. Sometimes it was a difficult matter even for his owner to get into the saddle, while he would stand for us as quiet as a lamb until we took up the bridle reins and told him it was time to go. The reason was that we always treated him with kindness, giving him nice fresh grass and from time to time an apple. He was as glad to go out with us as we were to go with him. Looking out of our window one hot Sunday we saw this horse grazing in the grounds near the hotel, and a little girl about three years old, seated right at his heels, stroking and patting them. The horse seemed to enjoy it quite as much as the little girl.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHITE FEET.

From an interesting article under the above heading, in which Hallerton tells in the *Winsted (Conn.) Herald* how he relieved a stray horse from the great suffering of a cruel check-rein, we take the following:

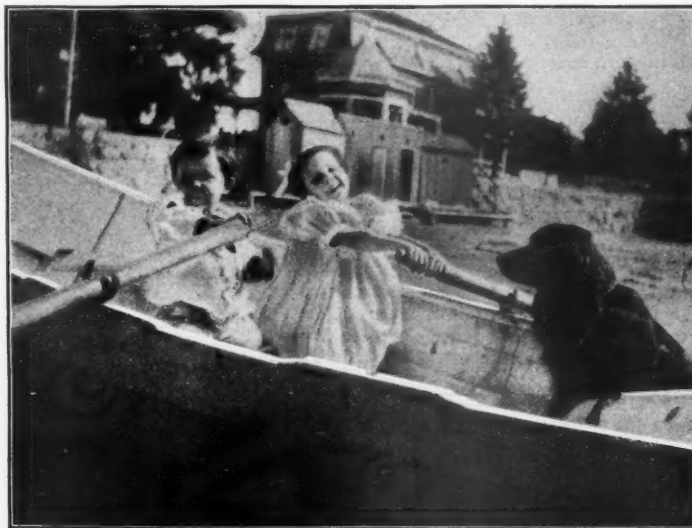
I patted his sides. He said "thank you," and "God bless you!" and we fell into the following conversation:

"But what is the matter with your eyes? How they weep! They look as if cataracts were growing over them. How red they are! And your nose! What is that sore?"

"My eyes? the check-rein draws them right up into the staring sun. They are almost burned out of my head. My nose? that, too, points straight upward and catches every scorching ray."

"And your neck! the beautiful curve that nature has given to a horse is straightened out into a long, stiff, bony muscle! Do you really mean to say that this is the work of the check-rein?"

"Yes, it is. I can remember when I used to look



GRANDCHILDREN OF A BOSTON PROMINENT CITIZEN
AT SWAMPSCOTT LAST SUMMER.

into the brook, and my eyes were dark and lustrous; my neck was an arch. I was a handsome colt, and not the object I am now."

"But what are you doing here?"

"I am running away. I am going to Boston. I hear that horses don't have to wear check-reins in Boston, so I broke out two nights ago, and have been waiting around for somebody to show me the way. Could you show me the way?"

I tore a leaf from my memorandum book and wrote to the president of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," in Boston, and tucked it into his thick mane. I then told him where to present the note, and, as we came to the highway, I pointed out his course, and he galloped off at full speed.

THE DOG LAUGHED.

The proprietor of a Third Avenue store owns a little black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured, and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs, and "put its fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment.

New York Telegram.

OUR MASSACHUSETTS "BANDS OF MERCY."

We are glad to tell our friends that we have now formed our "Bands of Mercy" in the public and parochial schools of three hundred and twenty-five Massachusetts cities and towns, and are carrying on the work through our agent, Mr. Leach, and otherwise, as fast as possible.

From Professor Peabody, Dean of Harvard Divinity School: "I am glad to express my sense of the great importance of the work you have done."

TO ALL MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

We pray you to kindly remember, in the interest of those that cannot speak for themselves, that a bill is now pending in the United States senate to increase the time during which animals can be carried on cars without food or water from twenty-eight to forty hours.

If that law should pass it would not only enormously increase their suffering, but tend to make the meat of those animals more or less unfit for human food, it being well established that all suffering to animals just before death makes their meat more or less poisonous.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM THE REV. REGIS CANEVIN.

We are pleased to receive, on this January 12th, a kind letter from the Rev. Regis Canevin, of St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in which he speaks of our work and the work of our American Humane Education Society as one that every teacher of youth and every Christian should appreciate, and with it come subscriptions for five hundred copies of "Our Dumb Animals," to be used in five great Catholic schools of Pittsburgh.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HORSES.

We always like to see a farmer or a horseman drive up to a hitching-post these winter days, jump out of the rig, unfold a big warm blanket and carefully cover his faithful horse. There is a big heart in that man. He is thinking of something else besides himself, and he takes as much pleasure in caring for his horse's comfort as for himself. On the other hand, it makes us sad to see a great big man, warmly clad from head to foot, drive a steaming horse up to the rack, hastily tie him fast, leave him shivering, and make for the nearest hot stove. There is something wrong about this fellow. He may be a nice man, belong to church, may not swear, smoke nor have any bad habits, but he has no feelings for a dumb animal.

La Moure County Chronicle.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, February, 1903.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report four hundred and twenty-nine new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of fifty-two thousand eight hundred and twenty-four.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

HUMANE EDUCATION AND PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

At the January meeting of the Directors of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 21st ult., President Angell reported that the Society's agents during the last month had examined, in their investigations, 2104 animals, taken 76 horses from work, and mercifully killed 126 horses and other animals.

429 new "Bands of Mercy" had been formed during the month, making a total of 52,524.

The Massachusetts Society has received from the estate of Susan J. White, deceased, \$12,000.

PERHAPS FIRST PROSECUTION OF ITS KIND IN ANY STATE.

Agent Hathaway, of our Massachusetts S. P. C. A., brought William D. Cameron into our Chelsea Municipal Court, charged with cruelly beating a horse on the United States Naval Hospital grounds in Chelsea. Our good friend Judge Bossom, of that court, found that he had no jurisdiction over the United States Naval Hospital grounds. Agent Hathaway immediately applied to Assistant United States District Attorney Casey, who had Cameron at once brought into the United States District Court and fined \$25.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MONROE DOCTRINE ATTACKED.

We see in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of January 19th, that Prof. Leon C. Prince, of the chair of International Law of Dickinson College, says the Monroe Doctrine is weak and insincere, deceiving nobody except ourselves. That the desire of the surplus populations of Europe for new country will force a crisis, and the United States occupies an impossible position in insisting upon the inviolability of South America, and that a Germanized or Anglicized South America is vastly preferable to the present republics there.

[This is what we have been saying in *Our Dumb Animals* for several years.]

IN A WAR WITH GERMANY ALONE.

In a war with Germany alone consider the enormous seacoast of our country which we should have to defend, and the little seacoast of Germany—then consider the exposed seacoast of Boston and Massachusetts, and the vast amount of property [including the deposits in our savings banks] which would probably shrink fifty per cent. in value. Then consider the millions that are being poured into our universities and colleges, without a dollar given to educate our youth for the prevention of war.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(From editorial page, *Boston Transcript*,
Dec. 29, 1902.)

A NEW PROPOSITION AS TO OUR NAVY.

To the Editor of the *Transcript*:

As the question of a large increase of our navy is now before Congress, kindly permit me to ask through your columns:

1. Whether, if we increase our navy, European Powers will not make a similar increase in theirs?
2. Whether it would not be well, before voting an increase, to kindly invite European Powers to join us in an agreement to build no more warships (say during the next two years) and so save us and them (during that time) from the enormous cost of such building?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The above we sent to President Roosevelt on Dec. 30th, and from his secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, a kind acknowledgment was received.

War is the concentration of all human crimes.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

"WE BELIEVE."

(1) That "war is hell" for dumb animals as well as human beings, because it makes men devils.

(2) That the [so-called] "Monroe Doctrine" [so far as it is held to shut out the great continent of South America from all nations but our own] is a most ingenious device to involve us in enormous preparations for ruinous wars with other [so-called] Christian nations.

We have ten thousand miles of our own coast line to defend, saying nothing of Porto Rico, the Sandwich and Philippine Islands, and, under this [so-called] Monroe Doctrine, the whole great continent of South America.

If we are going to guard all these we shall need a navy as large as the combined navies of all Europe, and the expenditure of incalculable millions of dollars to carry on the devil's work of war through coming generations.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MRS. WM. H. BRADLEY, OF MILWAUKEE.

Many of our friends will learn with sorrow of the death of Mrs. Bradley, who has for many years been a Vice-President of our American Humane Education Society, and one of our most earnest sympathizers and helpers in the great work of humane education in the West. We trust that her death has been only a translation to a happier existence, where sooner or later we may meet her.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DELHI, INDIA.

The recent doings in Delhi [in commemoration of the accession of King Edward as Emperor of India] seem almost as wonderful as the stories of the "Arabian Nights." The gathering of forty thousand soldiers—the hundreds of elephants—the hundreds of thousands of people—the throne with its surroundings of gold and silver—the vast exhibition of jewels and riches—and the little American girl [formerly Miss Leiter, daughter of a former clerk in a little country store] riding on the sacred elephant [the largest in India] and sitting on the throne as the most important woman of the empire—and then the royal message of Edward speaking of "his empire" and "his subjects" as an American would speak of his personal property. It all seems more like the stories of the "Arabian Nights" than of things actually done. Then our thoughts go back to the calls made on us [it seems but a little while ago] to send money to the starving millions of India, and then we take up a dispatch from London this January 10th, telling that all this folly has cost nearly five millions of dollars, while "the majority of the people of India are continually on the threshold of starvation," and the distress in London is so great that long processions are daily passing through the principal streets with banners on which are inscribed, "Give us work or bread." There is terrible need in England as well as here of a humane education of the rich as well as the poor.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over fifty-two thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed. Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



THE MYOPIA CLUB.

THE MYOPIA CLUB.

[Re-published.]

A good friend sends us an account of the death of L. M. Sargent, of The Myopia Club, caused by being thrown from his horse, and the following letter:

DEAR FRIEND,—I enclose a clipping which makes me think of "The dead young squire" in "Black Beauty."

I knew the dead man and his father (H. B. S.), now in California, and have read the writings of his talented grandfather (L. M. S.), "sexton of the old school."

Have science, literature, art, philanthropy, charity, God's service, communion with Nature, society of friends less charms than the cruel, cowardly excitements of the Myopia hunts?

How appropriate the name of the club, "Myopia," which means "short-sighted," "purbblind," and well describes the "feeble sense" of the poor fellows that cruelly mutilate their horses and even ride to death in the attempt to keep alive in America a wretched and foolish show of ancient feudal system.

Faithfully, L. M. CHASE.

AN INTELLIGENT CAT.

WAS FAMILIAR WITH THE USE OF THE SPEAKING TUBE.

Professor R. L. Garner tells an interesting cat story: "A certain cat," relates the professor, "was shut up in a room where there was a speaking tube which he had frequently seen used in calling people."

"Desiring to get out of the room, and having no means of opening the door, he climbed upon a chair near the tube, erected himself upon his hind legs, steadied himself by placing his paws upon the back of the chair, placed his mouth to the tube and began whining and mewing into it."

"In this attitude he was found by his young mistress who came into the room at the moment that he was trying to call some one to his aid."

THE LABOR-SAMPSON.

(From Boston Pilot.)

"Stand you from under—the building falls,
The hair that was cut is grown.

Leave the wine in the cup, leave the
marble halls,
And beware of the crushing stone."

For to-day, enraged, he has turned.
The Sampson asleep, half-blind, half-dead,
Is awake to his bitter fate.
And you who feast and you who drink,
Beware, for there's Death at the Gate.

FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLEY.

What is the remedy for these labor dangers?

We answer—immediate and thorough humane education of both rich and poor in all our public schools and Sunday schools and other educational institutions.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR "HUMANE BUILDING."

It is suggested that our proposed new building shall be named "*The Humane Building*"—that in the most prominent part of it shall be inscribed the names of its givers and the objects for which it is erected: "*Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature.*"

A TRAINED NURSE FOR THE SICK POOR.

Our readers will remember an article on this subject in our December issue.

We are glad to receive a letter from our good friend, Mr. Benjamin P. Ware, for many years president of the Essex County Agricultural Society, in which he states that at Marblehead they have an organization for the express purpose of seeing that proper medical attendance is rendered to the sick poor. It is called the Marblehead Visiting Nurse Association, with a membership of one hundred and sixty-nine, who each pay one dollar annually, to which are added contributions from various other sources. They have employed a competent trained nurse the past five years. Under directions of the town physicians she makes annually nearly two thousand calls, mostly free. [Those who are able to pay, paying twenty-five cents per hour.] She either does herself personally what is necessary for the patients, or directs and instructs as to what should be done.

It seems to us a mighty good thing, which ought to be adopted in every city and town.

CUBA.

We are glad to receive, on December 30th, from the Humane Society of Cuba a large order for our Spanish publications, and also two diplomas of honorary membership for the Hon. Henry B. Hill and ourself.

APPEAL TO HORSE LOVERS.

Dr. J. L. Vondall, P. O. Box 2340, Boston, Mass., is intending to publish a book entitled, "The Horse and His Friends," and solicits anecdotes and information in regard to all matters relating to the horse, and photographs.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

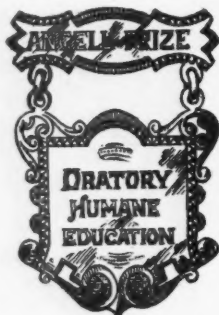
ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face incriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.



The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also Mr. Angell's *Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

In past numbers of our paper we have said that various friends had given us donations to aid in gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which every one reads with pleasure, and having read, wants every one else to read. We are sorry to add that the fund given for its distribution is now exhausted, but to those who wish to buy it the price for our edition [which we sell at bare cost] is ten cents per copy, post-paid, and the cloth-bound edition we are kindly permitted by its author, Mrs. Carter, to sell at sixty cents, or post-paid seventy cents per copy.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a *herdic*, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a *herdic* we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, *herdic* or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition. If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

- (1) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.
- (2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.
- (3) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (4) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

A SONG OF SNOW-TIME.

Sing a song of snow-time,
Now it's passing by,
Million little fleecy flakes
Falling from the sky;
When the ground is covered,
And the hedge and trees,
There will be a gay time
For the Chickadees.

Boys are in the school-house,
Drawing on their slates
Pictures of the coasting-place,
And thinking of their skates;
Girls are nodding knowingly,
Smilingly about,
Thinking of a gay time,
When the school is out.

Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Bang! goes the bell;
Get your hats and coats and wraps,
Hurry off, pell-mell!
Bring along the coasters all,
If you want some fun;
Up to the hill-top,
Jump and slide and run!

Steady now! Ready now!
Each in his place!
Here we go, there we go,
Down on a race!
Sing a song of snow-time,
When the flakes fall;
Coast-time, skate-time,
Best time of all!

The Angelus.

SNOW.

Floating, whirling, drifting,
Strange little specks come down,
Dainty, fairy crystals,
From a distant wonder-town:
Out of the dim cloud-spaces,
That seem so soft and gray;
Are they dust from diamond blossoms,
That grow where storm-winds play?

I only know they are lovely,
And I wouldn't like to go
To the very best of countries
Where there's never any snow.
Just to think that tiny snow-flakes
Should fall, and fall, and fall,
The great, old earth is covered,
Houses and trees and all.

The fences by the way-side
Are crusted o'er with pearls,
And around the gray, dead thistles
The white snow clings and curls;
The mossy walls are powdered
With little sparkling stars,
And spangles of jewels are hanging
From the rough old pasture bars.

In winter feed the birds.

Horses are not deaf.



FEEDING THE BIRDS.

[From "Young Peoples' Paper," Elkhart, Indiana.]

PRAYERS.
We are glad on this morning succeeding Christmas to receive from one of our kind friends, with a generous donation to aid our work, a prayer that God will spare our life.

On this same morning we met a gentleman who assured us that he remembered us in his prayers every day.

We like such letters and assurances.

FROM A CATHOLIC SISTER.

O woman beware how you trust your dear life
To the man of blood-thirsty soul,
Seeking pleasure in pain, nor think as his wife
To feel but love's sweet control.
O mothers of men teach your sons as they grow,
That mercy becometh the strong;
That ever we reap the things which we sow,
That happiness springs not from wrong.
O mortals remember no sparrow shall fall
Unnoticed by Him who is Father of all,
And tremble, lest cruelty wanton should move
To justice severe the God who is love.

Don't hire or ride behind a poor looking, or high-checked or dock-tailed horse. Always look at the horses and tell drivers why you do it.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SWEARING.

[Sent us by Rev. DANIEL E. HUDSON, C. S. C. of "Ave Maria," Notre Dame, Indiana.]

QUATRE-VINGT-QUATORZE.

A wagon, heavily laden, was stalled in the middle of a rutty road. The driver, a powerful man, was using efforts to extricate it—by blows of the whip on the knees of the horses, and oaths without number, loud, deep and horrible; the horses refused to budge. The blows grew more violent, the imprecations more frightful.

Suddenly a meek-looking priest came on the scene, his soul shrinking at the blasphemies.

"My dear man," he said in the gentlest accents, "you are a Christian, are you not?"

"Well, yes, Father, I claim to be one," replied the man, rather embarrassed.

"In your anxiety about your horses it is likely you

Don't forget your cat.

had forgotten it," said the priest; "otherwise you would never have been willing to offend the good God so deeply. Do not swear, I am going to help you."

The man growled something. The priest took the whip from his hand and, cracking it with great noise through the air, cried out in a powerful voice:

"Get up, Quatre-vingt-quatorze!"

The words had a magical effect. The horses lifted their feet from the mud, the wagon creaked and moved. In a few moments priest and driver walked, well satisfied, beside the team.

"Now you see, my friend," said the priest, returning the whip, with that rarely beautiful smile which so distinguished his benevolent face, "you see everything goes better when one does not use profane language. Just choose some *sonorous word*—no matter what, so that it be not an imprecation; crack your whip loudly in the air *instead of upon the horses' knees*, and you will not offend the good God, while your horses will go without trouble."

Since that time, the good missionary who told this story went on to relate, the laborers in that parish spur on their beasts, and that effectually, with the magical words *Quatre-vingt-quatorze*. The priest was the venerable Don Bosco.

HORSE VISITS ARTIFICIAL FLOWER SHOP.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—"Black Diamond," a big, black truck horse, belonging to Holland & Company, contractors, in a fit of abstraction yesterday morning, walked out of his stable at 493 West Broadway, at 7.30 o'clock, went up the street to 497 West Broadway, turned into the hallway of that address and mounted the stairs with a great clatter. He climbed up two narrow flights of stairs that were built at an angle of about forty-five degrees, pushed open a door that was ajar, and caused five girls to shriek with surprise and fear. Though he had had his breakfast, he ambled over to a box of artificial grass and leaves and sampled them. He had invaded the artificial flower factory of Rossig Brothers. The green things did not appeal to his taste, so he planted himself in the middle of the room and stood still. He was very friendly with everybody, and as soon as the girls discovered this they made a great fuss over him, petting him and feeding him with bits of bread and cake from their luncheons.

It was three hours before the horse was got down to the street again. A runaway about sixty feet in length had to be constructed down the two flights of stairs,

and a block and tackle and ropes fastened to "Black Diamond" to preclude any chance of his plunging headlong down the stairs. When he was returned to his stable he was found not to have a scratch.

Boston Transcript, Oct. 12, 1902.

Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature, are the words on the seal of our American Humane Education Society.

MERCY TO CATTLE IN TRANSPORTATION.

We have made two appeals to every member of Congress to vote against a law extending the time during which cattle can be kept without food or water—from twenty-eight to forty hours.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

We would like to have every one of our readers, and every man, woman, boy and girl in this country canvass for *Our Dumb Animals*, and retain one-half of every 50 cent subscription.

On receipt of the other half, viz., 25 cents, we shall send the paper for one year to the person whose name and address are given us.

We should also like to have some one in every city and town of Massachusetts canvass for memberships of our Societies, and shall pay to all a liberal commission, satisfactory references being required.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

On October 31st we received from the editor of *The Times*, Sturgis, Michigan, a kind editorial telling of the good work he thinks we have been doing, and how our paper is sent to the editors of every paper in North America north of Mexico, and adds that he believes we are over ninety years old. We certainly hope that we may live and be able to work ten years longer, which would bring us to our ninetieth year.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Over eight hundred new "Bands of Mercy" have not yet been published in our paper. We publish this month about two hundred and fifty of them and the rest will appear in our March issue.

New Bands of Mercy.

- 51972 Globe Band, Div. 4.
P., Miss Stone.
- 51973 Lebanon Hills Band.
P., Mabel Chamberlain.
- 51974 Blackstone, Mass.
High School Band.
P., Master Maroney.
- 51975 Cowper Band.
P., Mary Stewart.
- 51976 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Katherine A. Reilly.
- 51977 Washington Band.
P., Anna O'Rourke.
- 51978 Whittier Band.
P., Elizabeth G. McMullen.
- 51979 Div. 4 Band.
P., K. C. Cain.
- 51980 Millville Band, Div. 1.
P., M. E. Reilly.
- 51981 Millville Band, Div. 2.
P., K. A. Ryan.
- 51982 Millville Band, Div. 3.
P., Mary M. Smith.
- 51983 Millville Band, Div. 4.
P., Rose F. McGinley.
- 51984 Millville Band, Div. 5.
P., Miss Aldrich.
- 51985 Lincoln Band.
P., Alice B. Cooney.
- 51986 Washington Band.
P., Grace C. Taft.
- 51987 Whittier Band.
P., Alice C. Gibney.
- 51988 Robinson Crusoe Band.
P., Anna A. Sullivan.
- 51989 Div. 5 Band.
P., Miss Thayer.
- 51990 Blackstone Band, Div. 1.
P., Miss Sullivan.
- 51991 Blackstone Band, Div. 2.
P., Miss Taft.
- 51992 Blackstone Band, Div. 3.
P., Mrs. Bamford.
- 51993 Blackstone Band, Div. 4.
P., Miss Reilly.
- 51994 Blackstone Band, Div. 5.
P., Miss Sara Sarns.
- 51995 Blackstone Band, Div. 6.
P., Miss Margaret Carroll.
- 51996 Piche, Nev.
The Piche Band.
P., Alex. Lloyd.
- 51997 Deer Lodge, Mont.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Dell Haggerty.
- 51998 The Earnest Workers Bd.
P., Miss Nellie Fox.
- 51999 The Chickadee Band.
P., Miss Sadie Batterson.
- 52000 The Loving Kindness Bd.
P., Miss Alice Albee.
- 52001 Washington, D. C.
Jefferson School.
Jefferson Band No. 1.
P., Mr. Isaac Fairbrother, Prin.
- 52002 Jefferson Band No. 2.
P., Miss Annie Van Horn.
- 52003 Jefferson Band No. 3.
P., Miss Mary P. Wilson.
- 52004 Jefferson Band No. 4.
P., Miss Elizabeth Riley.
- 52005 Jefferson Band No. 5.
P., Miss Sarah E. Halley.
- 52006 Jefferson Band No. 6.
P., Miss Annie M. Whitmore.
- 52007 Jefferson Band No. 7.
P., Miss Mary C. Johnson.
- 52008 Jefferson Band No. 8.
P., Miss A. B. Hobbs.
- 52009 Jefferson Band No. 9.
P., Miss S. Shackelford.
- 52010 Jefferson Band No. 10.
P., Miss A. E. Crump.
- 52011 Jefferson Band No. 11.
P., Miss M. M. Breyer.
- 52012 Jefferson Band No. 12.
P., Miss A. Campbell.
- 52013 Jefferson Band No. 13.
P., Miss E. Brandenburg.
- 52014 Jefferson Band No. 14.
P., Miss Brigid E. Holden.
- 52015 Jefferson Band No. 15.
P., Miss Elsie Nansant.
- 52016 Jefferson Band No. 16.
P., Miss Blanche M. Hopkins.
- 52017 Jefferson Band No. 17.
P., M. D. Rose.
- 52018 Jefferson Band No. 18.
P., Miss C. L. Smith.
- 52019 Jefferson Band No. 19.
P., Miss Josephine D. Mason.
- 52020 Amidon School.
Amidon Band No. 1.
P., Miss M. L. Smith, Prin.
- 52021 Amidon Band No. 2.
P., Miss Jeannette Cohen.
- 52022 Amidon Band No. 3.
P., Miss B. M. Price.
- 52023 Amidon Band No. 4.
P., S. B. Waters.
- 52024 Amidon Band No. 5.
P., Miss E. J. Maloney.
- 52025 Amidon Band No. 6.
P., Miss M. A. Law.
- 52026 Amidon Band No. 7.
P., Miss Flora Ulke.
- 52027 Amidon Band No. 8.
P., Miss Kate Sorrell.
- 52028 Amidon Band No. 9.
P., Miss C. F. Moore.
- 52029 Amidon Band No. 10.
P., Miss F. M. Halley.
- 52030 Smallwood School.
Smallwood Band No. 1.
P., Mr. C. A. Johnson.
- 52031 Smallwood Band No. 2.
P., S. E. Wise.
- 52032 Smallwood Band No. 3.
P., Miss V. V. Trook.
- 52033 Smallwood Band No. 4.
P., Miss M. E. Garrett.
- 52034 Smallwood Band No. 5.
P., Miss Nettie Sewing-hammer.
- 52035 Smallwood Band No. 6.
P., Miss M. M. Carraher.
- 52036 Smallwood Band No. 7.
P., Miss Inez D. Daniel.
- 52037 Smallwood Band No. 8.
P., Miss Nellie Ramby.
- 52038 Smallwood Band No. 9.
P., Miss A. Robinette.
- 52039 Greenleaf School.
Greenleaf Band No. 1.
P., Mr. E. R. Riorde, Prin.
- 52040 Greenleaf Band No. 2.
P., Miss E. C. Fawcett.
- 52041 Greenleaf Band No. 3.
P., Miss Geraldine Her-man.
- 52042 Greenleaf Band No. 4.
P., Miss Sarah Masson.
- 52043 Greenleaf Band No. 5.
P., Miss Nettie Burr.
- 52044 Greenleaf Band No. 6.
P., Miss Katherine Horan.
- 52045 Greenleaf Band No. 7.
P., Miss Marion Everett.
- 52046 Greenleaf Band No. 8.
P., Miss Rose Bogan.
- 52047 Greenleaf Band No. 9.
P., Miss Helene Guerdum.
- 52048 Carbondale, Mich.
Little River Band.
P., Miss Mary Petermichel.
- 52049 Indianapolis, Ind.
School No. 33.
No. 1 Band.
P., Jessie J. Smith.
- 52050 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Pence.
- 52051 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Bryan.
- 52052 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Elder.
- 52053 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Hass.
- 52054 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Hardy.
- 52055 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Schley.
- 52056 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Emery.
- 52057 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Matthe.
- 52058 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Browning.
- 52059 School No. 35.
No. 1 Band.
P., Ada Dugan.
- 52060 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Dillingham.
- 52061 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Murphy.
- 52062 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Sayhor.
- 52063 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Lefebvre.
- 52064 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Loats.
- 52065 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Daggett.
- 52066 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Curran.
- 52067 School No. 36.
No. 1 Band.
P., Ida Geary.
- 52068 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Sloan.
- 52069 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss David.
- 52070 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Bohnstadt.
- 52071 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Ingersoll.
- 52072 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Smith.
- 52073 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss McAdams.
- 52074 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Ford.
- 52075 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Warren.
- 52076 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Pierson.
- 52077 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Ferguson.
- 52078 School No. 37.
No. 1 Band.
P., J. H. Young.
- 52079 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Bagby.
- 52080 School No. 38.
No. 1 Band.
P., Amy B. Algeo.
- 52081 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Kiefer.
- 52082 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Courtwright.
- 52083 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Lapham.
- 52084 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Lauter.
- 52085 School No. 40.
No. 1 Band.
P., W. H. Huffman.
- 52086 No. 2 Band.
P., J. B. Bates.
- 52087 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Gilliam.
- 52088 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Hill.
- 52089 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Royall.
- 52090 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Booth.
- 52091 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Whitsett.
- 52092 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Hayden.
- 52093 School No. 41.
No. 1 Band.
P., N. Yoke.
- 52094 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Keay.
- 52095 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Kinerk.
- 52096 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Cotton.
- 52097 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss West.
- 52098 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Williams.
- 52099 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Babz.
- 52100 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Noel.
- 52101 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Davy.
- 52102 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Hollingsworth.
- 52103 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Ingersoll.
- 52104 No. 12 Band.
P., Miss Henthorne.
- 52105 No. 13 Band.
P., Miss Null.
- 52106 No. 14 Band.
P., Miss Ellis.
- 52107 School No. 42.
No. 1 Band.
P., John T. Smith.
- 52108 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Carter.
- 52109 School No. 43.
No. 1 Band.
P., Annie L. Burton.
- 52110 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Collier.
- 52111 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Alligive.
- 52112 School No. 44.
No. 1 Band.
P., Fred Sillery.
- 52113 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Summers.
- 52114 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Collier.
- 52115 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Elrod.
- 52116 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Clark.
- 52117 School No. 45.
No. 1 Band.
P., Clara Washburn.
- 52118 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Gilkison.
- 52119 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Reddington.
- 52120 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss O'Hair.
- 52121 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Neighbor.
- 52122 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Hanna.
- 52123 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Rashbacker.
- 52124 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Goldrick.
- 52125 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Conner.
- 52126 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Avery.
- 52127 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Dobson.
- 52128 No. 12 Band.
P., Miss Leoper.
- 52129 No. 13 Band.
P., Miss Geoppe.
- 52130 School No. 46.
No. 1 Band.
P., Dorothy David.
- 52131 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Phipps.
- 52132 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Harness.
- 52133 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Ballard.
- 52134 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Murphy.
- 52135 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Kerins.
- 52136 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Ryker.
- 52137 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Williams.
- 52138 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Benson.
- 52139 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Mills.
- 52140 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Ryan.
- 52141 Dennison School.
Dennison Band No. 1.
P., Miss Kate E. Rawlings, Prin.
- 52142 Dennison Band No. 2.
P., Miss Barker.
- 52143 Dennison Band No. 3.
P., Miss A. L. Galeski.
- 52144 Dennison Band No. 4.
P., Miss M. Lackey.
- 52145 Dennison Band No. 5.
P., Miss E. G. Swan.
- 52146 Dennison Band No. 6.
P., Miss J. A. Kupler.
- 52147 Dennison Band No. 7.
P., Miss N. R. Ludgate.
- 52148 Dennison Band No. 8.
P., Miss A. G. Getty.
- 52149 Dennison Band No. 9.
P., Miss F. N. Montrop.
- 52150 Dennison Band No. 10.
P., Miss M. N. Griffith.
- 52151 Barret School.
Barret Band No. 1.
P., Miss M. C. McGill, Prin.
- 52152 Barret Band No. 2.
P., Miss F. Burke.
- 52153 Barret Band No. 3.
P., Miss M. E. Sheads.
- 52154 Barret Band No. 4.
P., Miss Maude M. Moore.
- 52155 Barret Band No. 5.
P., Miss Ellen Bishop.
- 52156 Barret Band No. 6.
P., Miss M. E. Robinson.
- 52157 Barret Band No. 7.
P., Miss Lou E. Ballenger.
- 52158 Barret Band No. 8.
P., Miss Ada E. Roome.
- 52159 Barret Band No. 9.
P., Miss M. E. Martin, Prin.
- 52160 Barret Band No. 10.
P., Miss S. C. Dulin.
- 52161 Bradley Band No. 3.
P., Miss Lillie Cohen.
- 52162 Bradley Band No. 2.
P., Miss Ellen Holiday.
- 52163 Bradley Band No. 5.
P., Miss F. J. Campbell.
- 52164 Bradley Band No. 6.
P., Miss Elsie S. Sillers.
- 52165 Bradley Band No. 7.
P., Miss A. B. Hessler.
- 52166 Bradley Band No. 8.
P., Miss White.
- 52167 Bradley Band No. 9.
P., Miss Olive R. Chapin.
- 52168 Potomac School.
Potomac Band No. 1.
P., Miss Rose Hessler, Prin.
- 52169 Potomac Band No. 2.
P., Miss Anna S. Hughes.
- 52170 Potomac Band No. 3.
P., Miss Mabel E. Stuard.
- 52171 Potomac Band No. 4.
P., Miss Elizabeth H. Lam-son.
- 52172 Flandreau, South Dakota.
Flicky Downy Band.
P., Lillian Mills.
- 52173 Fitchburg, Mass.
The Conklin Band.
P., Miss Margery Pierce.
- 52174 Menominee, Mich.
Birch Creek Band.
P., Miss Rosa Nohlecheck.
- 52175 Freeport, Fla.
Bay Band.
P., Miss Kate McDonald.
- 52176 Dayton, Ohio.
American Flag Band.
P., Annie Clark.
- 52177 Kingman, Arizona.
Royal Kingman Band.
P., Mrs. Lena Hilty.
- 52178 Washington, D. C.
Cook School.
Cook Band No. 1.
P., Miss S. C. Lewis.
- 52179 Cook Band No. 2.
P., Miss M. L. Tancil.
- 52180 Cook Band No. 3.
P., Miss C. Johnson.
- 52181 Cook Band No. 4.
P., Miss G. V. Clarke.
- 52182 Cook Band No. 5.
P., Miss L. P. Hill.
- 52183 Cook Band No. 6.
P., Miss J. F. Garrett.
- 52184 Cook Band No. 7.
P., Miss M. S. Wile.
- 52185 Cook Band No. 8.
P., Miss K. E. Tayleur.
- 52186 Cook Band No. 9.
P., Miss M. L. Randolph.
- 52187 Bowen School.
Bowen Band No. 1.
P., Miss A. B. Newmeyer, Prin.
- 52188 Bowen Band No. 2.
P., Miss Minnie Harper.
- 52189 Bowen Band No. 3.
P., Miss B. Allen.
- 52190 Bowen Band No. 4.
P., Miss F. G. Whitney.
- 52191 Bowen Band No. 5.
P., Miss Minnie Sherwood.
- 52192 Bowen Band No. 6.
P., Miss Lillian Halley.
- 52193 Bowen Band No. 7.
P., Miss H. F. Dunlap.
- 52194 Bowen Band No. 8.
P., Miss M. S. Walker.
- 52195 Washington Normal Band.
P., Miss Annie M. Godding.
- 52196 Franklin School.
Franklin Band No. 1.
P., Mr. S. E. Kramer.
- 52197 Franklin Band No. 2.
P., Miss Blanch L. Patti-son.
- 52198 Franklin Band No. 3.
P., Miss A. H. Fuller.
- 52199 Franklin Band No. 4.
P., Miss M. McElfresh.
- 52200 Franklin Band No. 5.
P., Miss F. A. Reeves.
- 52201 Franklin Band No. 6.
P., Miss S. E. McMahan.
- 52202 Franklin Band No. 7.
P., Miss Elizabeth Hum-mer.
- 52203 Franklin Band No. 8.
P., Miss M. E. Breen.
- 52204 Franklin Band No. 9.
P., Miss R. L. Hardy.
- 52205 Thompson School.
Thompson Band No. 1.
P., Miss R. R. Macqueen.
- 52206 Thompson Band No. 2.
P., Miss M. J. Davenport.
- 52207 Thompson Band No. 3.
P., Miss R. W. Hobgood.
- 52208 Phelps School.
Phelps Band No. 1.
P., Miss C. L. Garrison.
- 52209 Phelps Band No. 2.
P., Miss L. F. Spackman.
- 52210 Phelps Band No. 3.
P., Miss Jennie Hodges.

HOW POLLY CURED THE CAT.

Did I ever tell you how our cat Sizer was cured of his habit of catching birds? No? Well, I must tell you, for I think it was the most effective object lesson Sizer ever had. He was a great pet, and had learned to do some pretty tricks, but had one propensity which was as wicked as could be—no bird was safe if Sizer could reach it.

He had eaten two of mother's canaries, and the neighbors had threatened to kill him if he came into their houses. At last, however, Sizer met his equal.

Aunt Clara wrote to mother that she would spend the summer with us, and would bring her big parrot. Mother was perfectly willing to have Polly come, and we children were wild with delight. We had never had an opportunity of knowing a parrot—neither had Sizer! One day mother was busy preparing Aunt Clara's room, and John and I were helping her. Suddenly mother dropped down on the nearest chair, saying, "Oh, dear! I have forgotten Sizer!" In a minute she was able to explain that in her joy that Aunt Clara was coming, she had forgotten Sizer's love of birds. "What if anything should happen to the parrot!"

We thought we could give Sizer away. It is easy to give a cat away, but he will not always stay given. So we presented him to the man who brought vegetables from his farm four miles from the city, and mother felt relieved.

At last Aunt Clara came with trunks and boxes, and a big cage containing her pet. Polly was a handsome bird, green and gold, with a few beautiful red feathers, a wise, solemn expression and an accomplished tongue. She was very tired after her journey, and began to say, "Polly's sleepy! Good night, Polly! Hello, boys!" and stretched her legs and neck to get rested.

We young people felt as if we could stand by and listen to her all night; but Aunt Clara said she would be cross if she was kept awake too long, and John carried the cage to Aunt Clara's room. In the morning we heard cries and squeaks that startled us at first, but very soon a jolly "Ha, ha, boys! Good day, Polly! Good day!" assured us that Miss Polly was the author of the strange sounds.

Aunt Clara said at breakfast that she had put Polly's cage on the porch up stairs, so that her ladyship might enjoy the fresh air. She was so very noisy, she added, because she could see a big gray cat on the fence. We all knew that Sizer was four miles from the fence and only laughed at Polly's vehemence. After breakfast John was allowed to bring the cage down to the dining-room and there it stayed during the entire visit. The cage door stood open, and Polly walked out or in at her own sweet will.

When John set the cage down Aunt Clara opened the door and Polly came out, with slow and stately step, saying in an injured tone, "Polly wants her breakfast! Polly wants a bath! Hello, boys!" Her reckless words were so ill-suited to her dignified appearance that one could not help laughing, which seemed to entertain Polly very much. While the bird was sitting near her cage, holding a bit of bread in her claw, she stretched her neck, dropped the bread, and called out, "Poor pussy! Come, pussy! Hello, boys!" looking intently at something that had appeared at the window.

That "something" was Sizer! He had come home again and we were filled with alarm. Aunt Clara looked on quietly and said, "You need not be afraid; Polly is a match for any cat I ever saw." So we thought it would be fun to see an encounter between bird and cat, for we knew Sizer to be no coward. He only looked at the bird, this time, and sprang out of the window while Polly screamed after him, "Good-by, pussy! Who's afraid? Who's afraid? Polly wants a bath!"

This final remark, which was such a favorite with Polly, seemed to be merely a reflection, as she generally said it in a very low tone, and busied herself in recovering her perch or her food. For two or three days Sizer did not come into the room, and even mother began to lose her fears for Polly's safety. Then he began to sit quietly near a window or open door, so that he could run if danger menaced, and looked at the parrot with longing eyes.

Her conversational powers had abashed him, but he finally thought, "She's only a bird after all," and to long for a meal of his own providing. The sequel is easily foreseen. One day we heard the greatest commotion in the dining-room. Father ran in with his glasses in one hand and newspaper in the other;

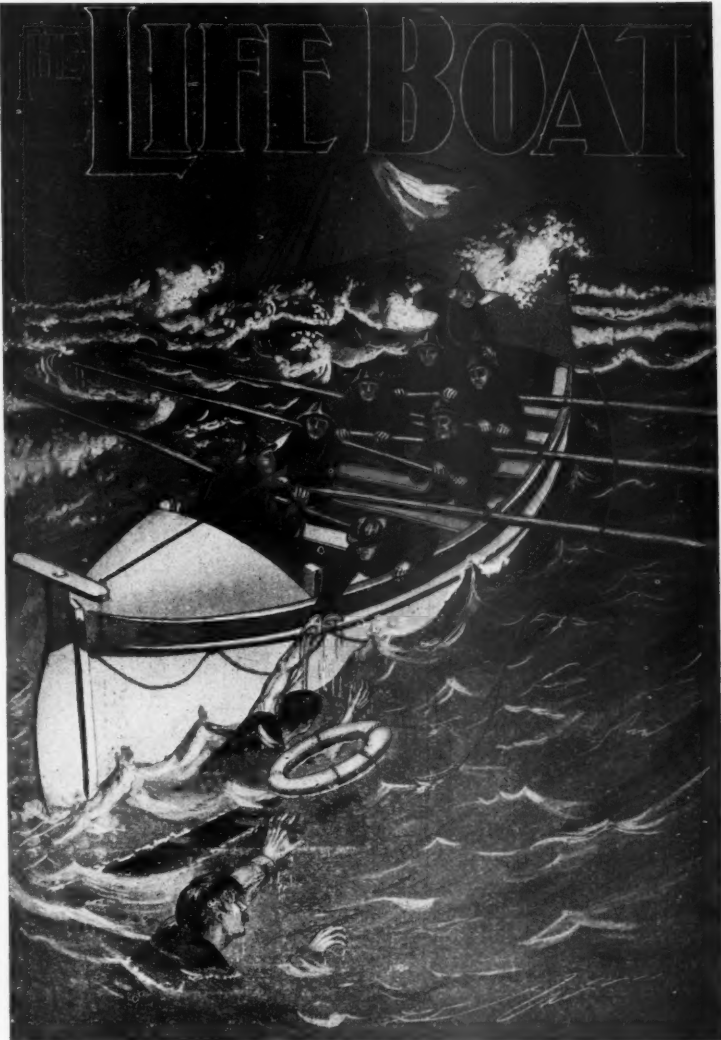
A BOSTON LAWYER.

A Boston lawyer calls upon us this morning, hands us a check for fifty dollars to aid the good work of our Society, says he intends to give fifty dollars every year, and that if, at any time, we need a hundred dollars we can call upon him for that amount. He is one of the gentlemen whom we much like to see.

A GOOD FRIEND IN OHIO.

A good friend in Ohio, of moderate means, has become so deeply interested in the work of our "American Humane Education Society" that she sends us a check for \$500, to be deposited in one of our best savings banks upon the condition that we pay her the interest whenever she may need it, and such part or the whole of the principal as she may need after exhausting her other property.

"Blessed are the merciful."



FROM "THE LIFE BOAT."

Illustrated monthly devoted to philanthropic and charitable work, No. 28, 33d Place, Chicago.

mother came, dismay on every feature; we children ran to the scene, of course, and in a minute Aunt Clara came.

Such a sight as we beheld! We all stood transfixed for an instant, and then burst into loud laughter. Polly had evidently been dozing on the broad windowsill, when Sizer had made an attack. When we saw them Polly was holding Sizer with her strong claws, and had his ear in her sharp, cutting bill. Sizer was fairly howling, and trying his best to use his claws on Polly.

The parrot made some inarticulate noise all the time, and then they rolled off on to the floor. There was a mixture of feathers and fur for a second, and Sizer dashed madly past us, and we could hear him "split" as he fled the scene. Polly began to smooth her ruffled plumage, and was evidently none the worse for the conflict. She was still very angry, and screamed after Sizer, "Poor pussy! Poor pussy! Polly's mad! Polly's mad! Hello, boys!"

She would hardly allow Aunt Clara to soothe her, and was quarrelsome for two or three days. No one dared say, "Poor pussy," in Polly's hearing. It is needless to say Sizer was cured. He returned to the house after a few days, with a much injured ear, but nothing could induce him to enter the dining-room, and the sound of Polly's voice seemed to terrify him. From that day the sight of a cage seemed to recall the encounter, and as far as he was concerned a caged bird could hang in safety.

J. M. H.

HE ANSWERED ADVERTISEMENTS.

A man who answered advertisements in cheap "story papers" has had some interesting experiences, says an exchange. He learned that by sending \$1 to a Yankee he could get a cure for drunkenness. Sure enough he did. It was to "take the pledge and keep it." Later on he sent 50 2-cent stamps to find out how to raise turnips successfully. He found out—"Just take hold of the tops and pull." Being young, he wished to marry, and sent 34 1-cent stamps to a Chicago firm for information as to how to make an impression. When the answer came it read, "Sit down on a pan of dough." It was a little rough, but he was a patient man, and thought he would yet succeed. Next advertisement he answered read, "How to double your money in six months." He was told to convert his money into bills, fold them and he would see his money doubled. Next he sent for twelve useful household articles, and he got a package of needles. He was slow to learn, so he sent \$1 to find out "How to get rich." "Work like the devil and never spend a cent." And that stopped him, but his brother wrote to find out how to write a letter without pen or ink. He was told to use a lead pencil. He paid \$1 to learn how to live without work, and was told on a postal card to "Fish for suckers as we do."

A good friend who has remembered us in her will, sends us her savings bank books for safe keeping in our deposit vaults.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for December, 1902.

Fines and witness fees, \$193.30.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pickering, \$100; Mrs. C. C. Corbin, \$100; Mrs. C. McCully, \$20; Miss Mary L. Ware, \$15; Chas. P. Curtis, \$10; Miss Virginia Butler, \$10; S. Lathrop Thorndike, \$10; Mrs. G. G. Hammond, Jr., \$10; Mrs. Hartman Kuhn, \$10; Prof. J. M. Peirce, \$3; Miss A. R. Palfrey, \$2.30.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

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TWO DOLLARS EACH.

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Total, \$308.91.

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Interest, \$9.08.

Total, \$1457.82.

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